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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest acceptation
of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

How to Butcher a Hen.

A friend of ours, who has been for some years engaged in supplying poultry to the market dealers at this article, in Boston, wishes us to give the farmers, up East here, a lecture on the mode of butchering and preparing poultry for the market. And first—the way it shouldn't be done.—You shouldn't chase your poultry all over the neighborhood, with boys and dogs, and finally club or stone the fowl to death. Then you shouldn't cut its head off and let it dance all over the door yard until it is dead. Then you shouldn't scald it to prepare it for picking easily. When picked you shouldn't cut the wings off. Then you shouldn't cut a great hole in the breast, in order to get the crop out, and another in the rear in order to get out its intestines and gizzard.

But if you want to prepare your poultry in the nicest manner for the Boston market, so that it shall bring the best price—First, fat them well, then let them go without eating for the 24 hours previous to being killed. Then, when you kill them, instead of chopping their heads off, run a small penknife into the jugular vein by the side of the neck, just under the jaws. Then hold them while bleeding, and pick them immediately,—picking off all the wing feathers as well as the others, while warm. Then let the head remain on,—let the crop alone, but cut a small hole in the rear just large enough to take out the intestines. Do not remove the gizzard from its place, but if the fowl be very fat, you make a larger opening—turn the leaves out and fasten them with a small skewer. When prepared in this way, your poultry will be much nicer and entitled to a better price than if dressed in the old way.

What benefit will the present Tariff

BE TO THE WOOL GROWER?
A correspondent, who signs himself "Lama," has put the above question to us, with a request that we would answer it in the Farmer. We partly answered the question in our last, but as our friend's query was put before he saw that paper, we will endeavor to answer it a little more fully.

According to the last Census, the number of sheep in the State of Maine, amounted to 649,364, considerably more than half a million. If we allow the average yield of wool to be three pounds per head, the clip will amount to one million, nine hundred and forty-seven thousand, seven hundred and ninety two, (1,947,792.) The best, this spring, brought twenty cents per lb.—some kinds brought a trifle less, but a larger proportion brought less; so we will put the average at 20 cents, which will bring the whole value of the clip to (\$389,558), three hundred and eighty nine thousand and five hundred and fifty eight dollars. Now we will suppose that the same number of sheep will be sheared next year. As wool will rise in price, more sheep will be kept, but we will suppose only that number is kept, and that they afford the same yield in pounds, but that, owing to the tariff, domestic wool rises in price as it usually will to forty cents per pound.

This of course will amount to (\$779,116) or nearly four thousand dollars more every year will be realized by the wool growers of Maine, in consequence of the duty on foreign wool. It may be said in objection, that if you get more for wool, you must give more for other articles which you have to purchase. No doubt of it. But had you not rather do this and have business lively and money easy, as the mercantile folks say, and have the wool merchant come to your door and pay you the cash in hand, at forty cents, than to have other articles very low—business stagnant—money scarce and you under the necessity of loading up your wool, and begging some merchant to take it at twenty cents and pay you in goods, or only half money for it?

We publish an extract of the tariff act in this number, by which you can see and understand for yourselves the whole matter.

Laziness.

Nobody acknowledges himself addicted to the sin of laziness, of course nobody will take to himself any animadversions which may be made upon the subject. Old John Bunyan, we believe it was, made the lazy mark as the "devil's workshop." And we presume that the devil has not yet quit his old quarters, judging from the mischief which occasionally shews itself among those not specially overburdened with business. The old fellow, however, keeps up with the times exceedingly well, and has well nigh reversed the saying of Solomon—"drowsiness (laziness) will clothe a man in rags;" for instead of rags the laziest seem to be dressed in the best cloth of any. Indeed it seems to be a prerequisite in order to gain admittance to the lazy lodge, that fine clothes made in the most fashionable style shall encase the candidate. The time seems auspicious "just now" for those who feel a little ashamed of the title of genteel loafer, to "shake off" dull sloth," and beteg himself to a more active and

useful life. Speculation has had its "seed time and its harvest." Those who sowed the seed in those days, of bonds and moonshine have "reaped the whirlwind," and had the mortification of seeing, not only what property they really possessed, but also what they did not really possess swept away like chaff in a fire. The spell has long since broke, and the surprise and amazement which hung upon the deluded speculator has also passed away.

The times are coming into joint again; and those who have gone through the whole operation, and have not wholly lost their common sense, had better seize the opportunity and become sane as fast as they can. First, shake off the lazy habits which the dreams of a fortune fastened upon you. "To the right about face," and "forward march" into some honest occupation. If you are left destitute, but have good health, don't despair. Be a man—look about you—bid good bye to laziness and lazy loafers, and away to the Aroostook. There are thousands and thousands of fertile acres which never have been disturbed, waiting for you. The State will let you have them for a trifle—just enough to enable you to say that you bought them, and feel proud of it. Or if that doesn't suit you, and you dislike the labor of felling trees and subduing the forest, away with you to the far west, where they say that nature has been so kind as to clear millions of acres and lay them there down to grass all nicely to your hand. There is land enough on either hand, and a little well directed industry will cover it with beautiful crops for the sustenance of man and beast. If that doesn't suit you, get into some mechanical business. Make something, if it is nothing but mouse traps. Get about something, and eschew laziness as you would the foul fiend, whether it offers itself to you in a rich or a tattered coat, it has the witchery of the demon in it, and he will assuredly make a workshop of your brain, if you parley with him at all.

INDIAN TOOLS.—Some time ago we mentioned the fact that some Indian tools had been found on the farm of Mr. Otis Foster in Monmouth. Mr. H. Foster showed us another assortment found at the same place. Among the lot were gouges of different sizes. Also a stone of coarse grit which appeared to have been used for a whetstone, and another in the form of a semicircle somewhat resembling the blade of a chopping knife. They may be seen at our office.

DUTIES ON WOOL AND WOOLENS.

In our last, we made mention of the tariff on wool. Since writing that article, the tariff act has come to hand, and we extract the section on wool and woolens, that our farmers may read for themselves.

First. On coarse wool unmanufactured, the value whereof, at the last port or place whence exported to the United States, shall be seven cents or under per pound, there shall be levied a duty of five per centum ad valorem; and on all other unmanufactured wool, there shall be levied a duty of three cents per pound, and thirty per centum ad valorem: *Provided*, That when wool of different qualities of the same kind or sort, is imported in the same bale, bag, or package, and the aggregate value of the contents of the bale, bag, or package, shall be appraised by the appraisers, at a rate exceeding seven cents per pound, it shall be charged with a duty in conformity to such appraisal: *Provided further*, That when wool of different qualities, and different kinds or sorts, is imported in the same bale, bag, or package, the contents of the bale, bag, or package, shall be appraised at the value of the finest or most valuable kind or sort, and a duty charged thereon accordingly: *Provided further*, That if bales of different qualities are embraced in the same invoice, at the same price, the value of the whole shall be appraised according to the value of the bale of the best quality: *Provided further*, That if any wool be imported having in it dirt, or any material or impurities, other than those naturally belonging to the fleece, and thus be reduced in value to seven cents per pound or under, the appraisers shall appraise said wool at such price as, in their opinion, it would have cost had it not been so mixed with such dirt or impurities, and a duty shall be charged thereon in conformity to such appraisal: *Provided also*, That wool imported on the skin shall be estimated as to weight and value as other wool.

Second. On all manufactures of wool, or of which wool shall be a component part, except carpets, flannels, bookings and linens, blankets, worsted stuff goods, ready made clothing, hosiery, mitts, gloves, caps, and bindings, a duty of forty per centum.

Third. On Wilton carpets and carpetings, treble ingrain, Saxony, and Aubusson carpets and carpeting, a duty of fifty six cents per square yard; on Brussels and Turkey carpets and carpeting, fifty five cents per square yard; on all Venetian and ingrain carpets and carpeting, thirty cents per square yard; on all other kinds of carpets and carpeting, of wool, hemp, flax, or cotton, or parts of either, or other material not otherwise specified, a duty of thirty per centum ad valorem: *Provided*, That besides and other portions of carpets or carpeting shall pay the rate of duty herein imposed on carpets or carpeting of similar character.

Fourth. On woollen blankets, the actual value of which at the place whence imported shall not exceed seventy five cents each, and of the dimensions not exceeding seventy two by fifty two inches each, nor less than 45 by 60 inches each, a duty of fifteen per centum ad valorem; and on all other woollen blankets, a duty of twenty five per centum ad valorem.

Fifth. On all manufactures, not otherwise specified, of combed wool or worsted, and manufactured of worsted and silk combined, a duty of thirty per centum ad valorem; on all health rugs and an valorem duty of forty per centum.

Sixth. On woollen and worsted yarn, a duty of thirty per centum ad valorem.

Seventh. On woollen and worsted mitts, gloves, caps, and bindings, and on woollen or worsted hosiery, that is to say, stockings, socks, drawers, shirts and all other similar manufactures made on frames, a duty of thirty per centum ad valorem.

Eighth. On flannels, of whatever material composed, except cotton, a duty of fourteen cents per square yard; on bookings and baizes, fourteen cents per square yard; on coach laces, thirty five per centum ad valorem; on Thibet, Angora, and all other goods' hair or mohair unmanufactured, one cent per pound; on camlets, blankets, coatings, and all other manufactures of goat's hair or mohair, twenty per centum ad valorem.

Agriculture.

Mr. HOLMES.—On a former occasion I made some allusion to the fact that the agriculture of Maine was in many respects inferior to that of N. York. I will now, with your permission, point out

some of the causes, which in my view operate to produce such a result.

The first great fault among many of our farmers, and one that lays the foundation of many of the other difficulties in the way of improvement, is a pertinacious adherence to old habits and customs. They will not study agriculture as a science, because they don't believe that science has anything to do with successful farming; they therefore plod along the beaten path of their ancestors, adopting few of the improvements of the day, unless recommended in the pages of Thomas's Almanac. They sneer at "book farming," and maintain that a man entirely ignorant of science and literature, may be just as good a farmer, as one who is well informed in both. That New York, too, has her thousands of such men I will not deny, for she has but just begun to awaken to a sense of her obligation to improve her agriculture and other branches connected therewith. But she has, likewise, her 17,000 subscribers to the "Cultivator," with a goodly number to the "New Genesee Farmer" and the other Periodicals of that, and the neighboring States, and hundreds who study the agricultural and scientific books that are continually being issued from the New York press. And these men exercise a vast influence over the agriculture of that State. They introduce improved implements of husbandry, improved modes of culture, and improved stock of various kinds, and their neighbors, who at first ridicule, finally adopt their improvements.

Who can estimate the effect of the example and influence, upon the agriculture of this State, of a few such men as Allen, Bement, Prentice, Sodam, Randall, Morrill, Rotch, Walsh and a host of others that might be mentioned.

Let our wealthy farmers imitate their example, and we shall soon see its effect throughout our whole State, in the improved stock, better crops, and more thriving population.

In the next place, we are too backward in organizing Agricultural Societies, and in properly sustaining those already organized. There is nothing in my view so well calculated to raise the standard of agriculture, and infuse into the mass of farmers a spirit of improvement, as active, efficient Agricultural Societies.

We should make strong efforts to rouse up our Societies to energetic action, and to cause the community to be better informed as to their object. Upon this point many are sadly ignorant. I have conversed with several upon the subject, who suppose that the main reason why a Society was got up in this County, was to draw our proportion of money from the State Treasury; even one of the Representatives, who voted to incorporate the Society, stated in my hearing, that this was its object, and that was the chief argument made use of to induce men to become members, by the person to whom the Committee sent their Circular in our town.

Now if men cannot be induced to labor in the cause from a higher motive than this, it must be a complete failure. The annual Fair may indeed be held, and a meagre list of premiums awarded, but there will be no interest felt, few will take the trouble to attend, and those that do, will return disheartened, and the cause of agriculture will be but proportionally advanced.

In our efforts to improve the various kinds of domestic animals, we are also much behind the age. Look for a moment over this vast Confederation of States, and you see in every direction men engaged earnestly and devotedly in the improvement of their stock. New York, perhaps, takes the lead in this enterprise, but Massachusetts, Kentucky, Ohio and many other States, are actively engaged in this praiseworthy and profitable branch of agricultural improvements, and I am glad to learn that Maine too is doing something to advance her interests in this particular. Friend Hains is a man that understands his true interests and what is required to advance the prosperity of the State, and I hope the public will duly appreciate his efforts, and so patronize him that he may receive a fair remuneration for his outlay of capital, and be induced to go on with his improvements.

I hope too, that many more of our wealthy men in various parts of the State, will imitate his praiseworthy example. What would be so likely to give a new impetus to agricultural improvement, and awaken an interest in behalf of our agricultural Societies, as the possession and annual exhibition of fine stock of various kinds. That our farmers generally are sceptical in regard to this branch of improvement, I well know. Conversing with a neighbor the other day, I mentioned Mr. Hains' purchase. "Ah!" said he with a sneer, "it will turn out like the merino sheep speculation." He did not believe anything about a better breed or better mode of breeding.

But let some first rate stock be introduced into the several Counties of our State, and the mists of scepticism and superstition will soon be dissipated by the sunbeams of truth. Men will be convinced by the evidence of their own senses, when they have the almost daily opportunity of comparing their "Landpicks" and "Alligators," with the noble Berkshire, or their nondescript neat cattle, with the beautiful Durhams and Herefords.

Yours, &c. GUILHELMUS.

Oxford Co. Sept. 1842.

Doctors.

MA. EDITOR.—If you friend from "Pleasant Point" has done blowing his tin horn about "regurgitation," I wish you would publish the following for his special benefit.

DOCTORS.—Now that I am talking of doctors, what a strange set they are, and what a singular position they hold in society! Admitted to the fullest confidence of the world, yet by a strange perversion, while they are the depositaries of secrets that hold together the whole fabric of society, their influence is neither recognized, nor their power acknowledged. The doctor is now what the monk once was, with this slight advantage, that from the nature of his studies and the research of his art, he reads more deeply in the human heart, and penetrates into the most inmost recesses. For him, life

has little romance; the grosser agency of the body, reacting on the operations of the mind, destroys many a poetic dream and many a high wrought illusion. To him alone does a man speak, "son der-schickel" what to the lawyer, the learnings of a self-respect will make him always impart a favorable view of his case. To the physician he will be candid, and even more than candid,—yes, these are the men who watching the secret workings of human passion, can trace the progress of mankind in virtue and in vice; while ministering to the body, they are exploring the mind; and y-t scarcely is the danger past, scarcely the shadow of the fever dissipated, when they fall back to their humdrum position in life, busied with their little gratitude, and strange to say, no fear!

The world expects them to be learned, well-bred, considerate and attentive, patient to their querulousness, and enduring under their caprice, and after all, the humbug homoeopathy, the preposterous absurdity of the water cure, or the more repulsive mischiefs of mesmerism, will find more favor in their sight than the highest order of ability, accompanied by great natural advantages.

Every man—and still more, every woman—imagines himself to be a doctor. The taste for physic, like that for politics, is born with us, and nothing seems easier than to repair the injuries of the body, whether of the state or the individual. Who has not seen, over and over again, physicians of the first eminence put aside, that the nostrum of some ignorant pretender, or the suggestive twaddling old woman should be, as it is termed, tried? No one is too stupid, no one too old, no one too ignorant, too obstinate, or too silly, not to be superstitious to Brodie and Chambers, Crampton and Marsh; and where science, with anxious eye and cautious hand, would scarcely venture to interfere, heroic ignorance would dash boldly forward, and cut the Gordian difficulty, by snatching the thread of life. How comes it that these old ladies of either sex, never meddle with the law? Is the game beneath them, when the stake is only property and not life? Or is there less difficulty in the knowledge of an art, whose principles rest on so many branches of science, than in a study founded on the basis of precedent? Would to heaven the "Ladies Bazaar" would take to the quarter sessions and the assizes, in lieu of the infirmaries and dispensaries, and make Blackstone their aide-de-camp, vice Buchanan retired.—Dublin University Magazine.

NOTE.—We published "Pleasant point" to oblige a friend, and we publish the above to oblige another friend. Hope they'll not get into a pill war; if they do, we will go in practice again, and kill them both off.—Ed.

Trial of Plows at Cattle Shows.

S-veral agricultural societies in the country offer premiums for the best plows that shall be presented for trial. This is well;—the importance of the plow in husbandry entitles it to this marked attention. All farmers wish to be able to turn their grounds well, and this with as little draft upon the strength of the team as possible.

The importance of correct decisions in regard to these implements, is perhaps greater than in regard to almost any thing else that is submitted for trial or inspection. The best animal has not his like precisely, and one farmer only can possess the best at any given time. But the plows from our best manufacturers are so much alike, that each of an hundred or a thousand plowmen may at one and the same time be using implements that are scarcely distinguishable from each other.

Most of our farmers too have no good opportunity to compare the plows from one factory with those from another, and are greatly influenced in their choice by the judgments of committees. Probably no other implement can be named, to which this last remark so fully applies as to the plow.

We have made these remarks, hoping that they may influence those who are to pass judgment upon plows, to try such as are presented, with as much care as possible. A fair trial cannot be made without much time, nor without attention to many particulars. Large plows that cut a wide and deep furrow, and are great overers of the soil, if you measure by the number of square inches turned over. The power required to force the cutter or coulter through, is little if any greater where the furrow is 15 inches wide than where it is only 10 inches. In most soils the resistance of grass roots is greater at 6 inches below the surface than at 8 inches. The weight of the plow, and the force required to draw that weight, the same, whether the furrow be wide and deep or narrow and shoal. The plowman, too, may make a very considerable difference in the power required by the team. By shoving and throwing the pressure much upon the wheel, he may cause the plow to move easier,—by bearing upon the handles and holding back, he may increase the labor.

The texture of the sward often varies much, in a field that is apparently uniform. Where the grass roots are most abundant, especially where there are patches of couch grass, the dynamometer will instantly show that the team exerts a greater force than in other spots. Some plows which work well at the depth of six or seven inches, though large, are so constructed as to work but poorly at a greater depth.

Committees should examine well the ground to be plowed, and take proper account of its variations in texture; they should try every plow at various depths; they will do right by the owners of the plows in letting them furnish plowmen of their own choosing, for a few furrows; but they can be very unsatisfactorily judged in the instrument if they do not make the trial perfect, each plow should be drawn by the same team, the same, whether the furrow be wide and deep or narrow and shoal. The plowman, too, may make a very considerable difference in the power required by the team. By shoving and throwing the pressure much upon the wheel, he may cause the plow to move easier,—by bearing upon the handles and holding back, he may increase the labor.

Yours, &c. GUILHELMUS.

The Highlands of New Hampshire.

Agriculture is the first interest of our country; we love to see its improvements and progress, especially when it is obliged to combat with broken hills, gigantic masses, and a sterile soil, and wins its victories with the toil and energy of a New Hampshire "Highland" farmer.—The road we travel is now a highway for a part of the way it was Macdonaldized by nature, and firm as a rail road; such granite blocks, and piles and boulders, we never saw; they looked like the sea, when the waves were "chopped up" by the wind; and whenever they came, whether they were hurled down in the Titanic war with the gods, or hurled up by the fraying of the centre of the globe, their profusion once was, with this slight advantage, that from the nature of his studies and the research of his art, he reads more deeply in the human heart, and penetrates into the most inmost recesses. For him, life

rather a high mountain, cleared to its very summit, along which a fence was run at a giddy elevation, the flocks were nipping the tender grass on the slopes, and the beaver for which the town is famous, were lazily reposing at the base. With all its disadvantages, the town is independent and thrifty under the industry and economy it has long practiced, while in other sections there is less occasion to complain of the evils to which we allude. Our fellow traveler called our attention to a little garden of remarkable neatness, and as flourishing as it was neat: between large rocks rising four or five feet above the ground, beds had been laid out with the taste and proportions of city horticulture; not a weed was to be seen, and over the whole mantled the most luxuriant vegetation; the house of which the garden was an appendage, was small and unfinished; few windows admitted the light, and not a clapboard covered the seams between the rough boards nailed on to keep out the cold and the storm; still in the garden and the humble dwelling there was an air of taste and comfort indicating cultivation and intelligence. As we were puzzling our wits to account of the which we allude. 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when we see his wretchedness, we are reminded of the fruit, the beasts, the birds, the insects—as well as the things that do not live, move, or breathe—is said, by a great and good man, to be one of the best habits of mind which we can possibly form.

Some people, we know, think it very foolish to spend time in wandering about the fields and woods and looking at the flowers and trees; but if they knew how pleasant an exercise it is, they would soon cease to think so.

"For my part," says an eminent writer for children, "I have never been able to find any other way of passing my time so pleasantly as to go out into the country and look at the flowers and trees."

POETRY.

For the Farmer & Advocate.

The following lines were written on hearing a "would-be gentleman," speaking of an industrious mechanic, by saying contemptuously, "he's nothing but a mechanic;" still, they are meant as nothing personal, but are addressed to all such as are in the habit of speaking thus of mechanics.

"HE'S NOUGHT BUT A MECHANIC."
Turn where you will, your eyes behold his work,
The house in which you dwell—all that you wear
Are fruits of his industry; yet you talk
As if he were inferior, and his fare
Should be beneath your proud contempt to walk;
But for all that, or you, he does not care
As long as he's of use to man, no panic
Dost bring to think—"He's nought but a mechanic."

Read what you will, the very books you read
Were made by him; yet proudly you despise
Their maker. If you chance your mind to feed
With history; on its page there often lies
The record of his works; 'twas him indeed,
Who made the tools by which all warriors' rise,
Yet to your sordid soul it brings a panic,
To see honors ascribed to a mechanic.

'Twas nought but the mechanic who did build
The cities and the fane of orient land,
Herculean curiosities he did gild;
Those palaces, where dwell the regal lord,
Its works of art, whose ruins since have filled
The museums of our day, and which have fann'd
The genius of our time; yet with a panic
You find they are the works of the mechanic.

He's nought but a mechanic; yes, and God
Himself is one—the universal all
Was made by him; and with his mighty rod
He governs it; and this terrestrial ball,
The least of all God's works, man's low abode
From gloomy chaos, by his mighty call
Was formed into our earth. Dost bring a panic,
To deem our God himself a mechanic?

AN APPRENTICE.

THE REVELLERS.

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
They are here—the fair face and careless hair
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.
—But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh
And the pause of the thrilling melody!
And it is not well that we should breathe
On the bright spring-flowers of the festive wreath!
—Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the hall of song!

Ring, joyous chords!—but who art thou
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale young brow,
And the world of dreamy glory that lies
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
—Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast loved too
well!
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell:
Thou hast pour'd thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth!
Mourn on!—yet come thou not here the while,
It is but a pain to see the smile!
There is not a tone in our songs for thee
—Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!
—But what dost thou with the revel train?
A silvery voice through the soft air floats,
But thou hast no part in the gladdening notes;
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye!
Away! there's a void in thy yearning breast,
Thou weary man! wilt thou here find rest?
Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,
Thou art but more lone amidst the sounds of mirth,
—Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords! ring forth again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
—But thou, though a reckless mien be thine,
And thy cup be crown'd with the foaming wine,
By the fifth burst of thy laughter loud,
By thine eyes quick flash through its troubled
cloud,
I know thee!—it is but the wakeful fear
Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here!
I know thee!—thou fearest the solemn night,
With thy piercing stars and her deep wind's might
There's a tone in her voice which thou faint
wouldst stum.

For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
And thou—there's a dark weight on thine—away!
—Back to thy home and pray!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
And bring forth wreaths!—we will banish all
Save the free in heart from our festive hall,
On through the maze of the fleet dance, on!
—But where are the young and the lovely?—gone!
Where are the brows with the red rose crown'd?
And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?
And the waving locks and the flying feet,
That still should be where the mirthful meet?
—They are gone—they are fled—they are parted
all—
—Alas! the forsaken hall!

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.
THE ANGEL AND THE DEMON.
A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS,
Author of the "Neglected Wife," the "Mother's
Sacrifice," &c.

"When, in despair, his scarce uplifted eye,
Sees foes who linger, fancied friends who fly—
Woman steps forth, and boldly braves the shock,
Firm to his interests as the granite rock!
She stems the wave, unshrinking meets the storm,
And wears his guardian angel's earthly form!
And if she cannot check the tempest's course,
She points a shelter from its whirling force!
When envy's sneer would coldly blight his name,
And busy tongues are sporting with his fame,
Who solves each doubt—clears every mist away,
And makes him radiant in the face of day?
She who would quell fortune, fame, and life,
For man, the ingrate—"True Devotion Wreath."

One of the sweetest companions of my early boyhood, was a gentle, blue-eyed, little creature named Alice Green. She was a first cousin—an orphan with a small fortune of eight or ten thousand dollars, in real estate, and from the age of four years until the day of her marriage, resided with my mother. She thus seemed more like a sister than a cousin, and I felt for her as much love, and of the same kind as if she had been a sister. Her characteristics were artlessness of manner, freedom from every thing like guile or falsehood, joyousness of spirit and fondness of society. Thus she grew up till she was sixteen, when her form rounded and became more womanly, her mind and her heart seemed to attain, the one a greater degree of strength, the other an added depth of emotion or tenderness. She was in short a being formed for joy—one whose existence might be bound

up in the passion of a first fond idolator,—one who could not conceive of the calculating views which sometimes enter into projects of matrimony. Knowing her gentleness and truth, I watched her with great care and endeavored to introduce to her society and acquaintance no one likely to win her affections, who was not really worthy; or who would not make her a faithful and attentive husband. An heiress to some extent, and a beauty, she was, naturally enough, an object of more than ordinary attraction, and the danger was lest one of her peculiar views and artless character should be ensnared by the wiles of a villain. Besides, woman is so frequently in error as to the real nature of her own feelings. The desire in this country for marriage appears to be a mania with so many,—the doctrine is so earnestly and constantly inculcated in society, that hundreds are apt to fancy themselves fully & irreversibly in love, who have scarcely a just conception of the passion. A beau! A lover! What vague dreams doth through the young imagination, in relation to such an object. Even as I write, memory points to a young lady of fifteen who is already engaged? The heart of youth is warm and true. It is yet uncorrupted by enlarged communion with the world—the feelings are fresh and ardent,—and there exists an inward craving of the spirit for something to realize the *beau ideal* of the imagination—a true companion,—a responsive soul! It is this creature of dreams that the unsophisticated beings of sweet sixteen are apt to discover in every fine face and many form. Another and a calmer view, is taken in after life, when Fanny is sobered down by Reason, and the gay panorama of youth loses many of its rich hopes, bright pleasures, and sparkling images. When, having attained the summit, we descend the hill of this temporary existence with chilled hearts, exhausted and enfeebled frames, and pallid cheeks! When we see scattered in the paths around us, withered flowers, faded hopes, buried joys, and baffled expectations! Then it is that Virtue alone, with her handmaid, Religion, can impart a mellow light to the scene, and taking from the Past much of its gloom, gild and beautify the Future with a serener, calmer, and less deceptive sunshine.

Alice Green had many suitors. Young, gay, an orphan, and an heiress, she was gazed at by many an anxious and admiring youth and a sunny glance from her bright eye, or a gentle touch of her small hand, sent a thrill to many a susceptible heart. But, at her 17th year, although her admirers and friends embraced a large circle, only two young men appeared to claim an especial share of her attention. These, it may be well enough to describe.

Charles Merwyn and Horace Rivers, were at the age of twenty-four, not only occasional companions, but warm personal friends. The first was a merchant—the last an artist, and but in moderate pecuniary circumstances. Merwyn was connected with a Commission House, which occasionally made ventures to a considerable extent on account of the firm. He possessed a good person, an ordinary mind, a heart which overflowed with the milk of human kindness, but he was nevertheless somewhat infirm of purpose and nervous in his feelings and excitements. He was what may be described as a moderate man in all respects,—he was moderate in his views and ambition—moderate in his intellect—moderate in his temper, and in his feelings and passions. He was amiable, mild, and unoffending, and enjoyed a very fair reputation for intelligence and kindness of heart, among his immediate friends and associates.

Horace Rivers was of the same age exactly, with more mind, more passion, and more ambition. His parents were quite humble in their condition of life, and he was their only son. They had exhausted all their little means in giving him an education, and he had in some measure rewarded their kindness by winning some celebrity as a painter, even at the early age we have mentioned. In disposition, he was somewhat fiery, and he frequently uttered, expressions in his moments of excitement which he deeply regretted in his more deliberate hours. He was quick to quarrel and quick to forgive,—and was as readily won to a friendship, by a kind phrase, as excited to a dislike by a cold or insulting one. He certainly possessed genius, as well for his profession as in a more general sense. This could be discovered even in his ordinary conversation. It was marked by force of expression, as well as originality of thought, and thus the minds of the two friends could, by a close observer, be readily characterized. Charles Merwyn, as already stated, was mild, inoffensive, good-natured, and rather nervous,—and these traits were indicated by his conversation and his conduct generally. But he was, nevertheless, persuasive and somewhat artful—he never seemed offended by contradiction, and had a ready smile at his command, on all occasions. Rivers, on the contrary was a frank, manly, and above every deception of disguise. He uttered his thoughts fearlessly, and without regard sometimes to their effect upon his own prospects in life. But such a line of conduct was a matter of principle with him, and he could no more change his nature in this respect, than he could change the course of the current in his veins.

These were the lovers of my gentle cousin in her seventeenth year. Both were earnest constant, and evidently sincere in their attachment, and while they did not conceal their feelings from each other, they were careful to guard against any step that should be held dishonourable, to which was calculated in the least degree to disturb their friendship.

Alice for a long time seemed to pay them equal attention—either untouched in heart, or unwilling to exhibit to the eyes of the other, the inward preference of her spirit. But the struggle was not to continue long, especially as both had in the most delicate manner, avowed their views, and sought for some satisfactory demonstration on the part of the fair object of their regard.

Matters were in this condition, when I one summer afternoon, sought the society of my fair cousin. After some preliminary conversation, the following colloquy ensued.
"Marriage, coz, is a matter of serious moment especially with a being who has been brought up with such indulgence and tenderness as myself!"
"True, very true, dear Alice; but there is nothing compulsory in your case. You have at your own disposal enough to keep the wolf from your door, and may, therefore if so disposed avoid that perilous and uncertain condition."

A pause ensued for a few minutes, in which

my fair cousin did not seem perfectly at ease. But she soon mustered courage to proceed.
"And do you think it would be right to disappoint both the gentlemen, who have been so long visiting our house, and whose kind proposals are still unanswered?"

"Right! ay, perfectly, unquestionably—if neither of the unfortunates has thus far made an impression upon a heart that I have sometimes feared would prove too susceptible. But it would be vain, my niece to affect any concealment, Alice. I have the right, I think, in a matter of this kind, to know the whole truth. I feel a deep interest in your happiness, and would make no slight sacrifice to promote it. If neither of these young gentlemen has won the jewel that he seeks—if in the inmost recesses of your bosom you can discover a lurking tenderness for neither—if they have both struggled, and in vain, to enlist the deeper feelings of my fair cousin, then indeed, it will become a duty for me to give them to understand the realities of their respective cases."

Alice stammered and hesitated. A deeper time passed quickly over her bright and beautiful features—her thin red lip quivered—a tear trembled on her long eyelid, and she confessed all. She had been won fully and thoroughly won, and, to my surprise, the kind-heartedness and moderation—the quiet voice and yielding manner of Merwyn, had triumphed over the frankness, fire and impetuosity of the artist. Her sympathies had been first enlisted—her gentleness of spirit and sweetness of disposition favored her lover, and thus the deep current of her feelings had been interested, more from the generosity and tenderness of her nature, than because of the vain and selfish influences of the human breast. She had fancied that her love was essential to Merwyn's happiness—that he was devoted to her in soul, in spirit, and in sincerity; and although she confessed to herself sometimes that there were points about Rivers more attractive and dazzling—that his mind was more elevated, his nature more manly, and his energies more dignified—the quiet smile and fond voice of Charles, made a more effective appeal to her heart, and she was won.

But why prolong this portion of the narrative? The young artist bore his disappointment like a man, and although he felt it keenly and deeply no murmur escaped his lips. He was present at the wedding, a few months after, and subsequently on taking leave of Alice for a tour to Italy, his voice scarcely faltered, as he said that he would always remember the hours he had passed in her society as the happiest and most Eden-like of his existence.

Alice pressed his hand in the true spirit of friendship and uttered a sincere wish for his welfare through life.

It so happened that I accompanied Rivers during his tour. We were absent about three years and during the whole of that period we heard little or nothing of Merwyn and his fair bride. We travelled rapidly—had little leisure for correspondence; a thousand objects engaged our attention. Time, the great physician, alleviated the heart-wound of my friend, and when we returned to our native land, the changes in its social life, and in the private history of our former associates, were full of novelty and excitement. I lost no time in inquiring as to the fortunes of Alice. The story was a melancholy one Merwyn had verified the predictions of his worst enemies. He was involved in his business operations at the time of his marriage. In a moment of desperation, he ventured wildly in stock speculations, lost largely, and then, growing still more desperate, as is generally the case with all gamblers, resorted to his wife's small fortune, which was speedily engulfed in the general ruin. The progress of his downward career, in a pecuniary sense, was rapid, but he degenerated with even an accelerated pace in a moral. When misfortune came upon him, he lacked the moral and mental energy to encounter her sudden and repeated blows—he was even ashamed to confess his tottering and sinking condition to his wife and, as is too frequently the case, resorted to dissipation to drown his reflections, and yield him momentary forgetfulness of his condition. Here again he was tempted step by step, until the demon of intemperance claimed him as a victim. Who can picture the horror of Alice, as the dreadful truth flashed upon her mind? Poverty she could have borne—neglect she could have tolerated—her squandered fortune she could have overlooked; but a lover converted into a human fiend—words of affection and looks of kindness abandoned for unmerited reproaches, and horrible grimaces—the dream of happiness dissolved, and the cup of joy degenerated with poison—language cannot convey the pangs that wrung the heart of that confiding and still devoted wife, when she saw too late that all was lost! The curse that she had been taught to dread from early childhood, had fallen upon her, and in the bitterness of her spirit she fell upon her knees and supplicated Heaven to take her from a scene of such anguish, to take her child—for she was now a mother—from the career of shame and sorrow that seemed spread out before her. But she had scarcely uttered this prayer, when her heart reproached her. The image of her husband in his brighter and happier hours rose up before her; a ray of hope passed through her desponding soul, and she implored the Almighty to be merciful—to call the wanderer from the error of his ways—and to give him back to her, pure, though penitence—reclaimed, though a beggar.

But Merwyn rushed madly on. At times, when the voice of his better genius whispered to his spirit, he would wrestle for a moment with the terrible fiend in whose manacles he was. But the struggle was feeble—it was not supported by any high moral resolution—by any appeal to the Divinity; and thus, in three years from the time of his marriage, the young merchant, who had been the envy of many of his friends, and whose destiny seemed robed in sunshine, was a scorn in the mouths of men. His wife drooped like a lily that had been beaten down by some sudden storm. She still had many valued relatives and friends, who tendered their protection, on one condition, that she would abandon her ruined husband. But no!—true to her nature, and to the fidelity of woman, she still clung to the feeble hope of his reformation; and even when her heart faint within her at the brutal changes in his character, and at the frightful metamorphosis in his person, she struggled to believe him less guilty than he was, and to persuade herself that he was not quite so bad as some weeks before. And oh! in his moments of reason and of tenderness,

how she pleaded with him! How she pointed to what he had been, and to what he might still become! How she drew her little girl towards him, and with mother and child kneeling before him, invoked the blessings of the Great God upon his head, if he would but abandon his dissolute companions and his soul-destroying haunts. Keener than knives these supplications went to the heart of the wretched man. He still loved his young and gentle wife, and when he saw in all its horror the wretchedness he had imposed upon her, & the ruin he had brought upon himself, his spirit failed within him. He saw himself a wretch—a miserable outcast—the mock of those who, but a little while before, deemed his society an honor, and he shrunk in dismay from the portrait of guilt and debasement. What should he do? Here, among those with whom he had played in boyhood, who had grown up with him, who knew his shame and degradation, he could not reform! He had not the nerve to be sober, and be poor—to be pointed at as a Reformed Drunkard—to be sneered at and derided as he passed through the streets! The very thought was horror to him—and he rushed from the presence of his wife, to revel once more in the embraces of the fiend.

Such was the condition of affairs on my arrival home. I was shocked, and my friend heard the story with a trembling lip and a flushed cheek.

But worse. The very day after our arrival, Merwyn, probably stung to the quick by the return of his early friend and rival, left the city, abandoned his wife and child, to wander no one knew whither. Months and months Alice sought tidings of him, but in vain—Only once did she hear from him and of him. He was seen in a distant part of the Union, and in a condition so abject and deplorable, that the individual who gave the information, thought it prudent to suppress the greater portion of the truth.

A year passed by, and still Merwyn was away—whether dead or alive, no one knew. Meanwhile, Alice had gathered together the wreck of her little property, and had, in order to place herself above the reach of want, opened a small fancy store. An uncle had repeatedly invited her to become an inmate of his dwelling. But no; the golden glory of that early vision of happiness had not wholly departed. The pure spirit of temperance was abroad in the land. Her heavenly light had already brightened many a desperate heart. The army of converts was swelling every hour. The Omnipotent was moving in behalf of the faithful and unfortunate. Why then should she despair! Why then should the prayer which she put up nightly pass unnoticed by the Ear of the Eternal? Why should the voice of her innocent child be neglected! No—she had taken him "for better and for worse"—she had loved truly and sincerely of her virgin heart—she believed that anxiety for her, as well as shame for himself, had maddened the mind of her husband, and driven him an outcast from society! She would, therefore, still bear his name, still pray for his welfare—still lavish her affections upon his memory, and upon his image, as embodied in the features of his child!

Thus time rolled on. Two years had passed since the disappearance of Merwyn. It was a night in November. The wind was high without—the weather was raw and gusty—and the leaves were blown in myriads from the trees. Alice sat in her little store, busily engaged in teaching the alphabet to her child. Suddenly the wheels of a carriage were heard. A pause—the door is opened, the steps are let down, and the form of an emaciated being is borne into the house. A single glance, and Alice saw the features of her husband. A shriek escaped her lips—her limbs trembled, the light grew dim before her eyes, and she heard and saw no more! She had fainted—but she was speedily restored. The whole truth flashed upon her mind. Her husband was dying, and he had come to look his last upon his wife and child. In an instant she was the woman—the wife again. The past was forgotten—all the darkness and error of that past—every harsh word, every unkind look. She saw only the object of her early idolatry—the being of her choice—the father of her child. Dashing the tears from her eyes, and by a strong effort commanding something like self-control, she was by the bedside of the prostrate man—her lips were pressed to his pale forehead—her soul stood trembling like an angel of mercy in her dove-like eyes!

Merwyn could not speak. He indeed trembled upon the verge of the grave. But the long, spiritual, expressive and intense gaze with which he seemed to drink in the sympathies of his wife, and to respond to her devotion and gentleness, touched her more deeply than if he had uttered volumes. She could not remain there, and not give vent to her feelings. She rushed into an adjoining room, and for some minutes wept like a child. That night and the next she refused to close her eyes. The struggle between life and death was a fearful one; but on the third day the physician held out some hope. The disease was a dangerous—nay a dreadful one. The skill of the man of medicine was much, but the ministrations of the fair being who hovered around that bed, was far more. It was then that all the angel qualities of the gentle Alice shone forth. It was then that the calm mind of the husband saw in all its heaven-born lustre the gem that he had abandoned—it was then that the voice of Religion, whispered to him by lips of love, chastened his spirit, and repewed the moral energies of his character. It was then, away from the haunts of vice, and hovering, as it were, between the two worlds, that his better genius prevailed—that his original nature came back—that the Angel Woman triumphed over the Demon Intemperance. As he gathered physical strength, he also collected moral. He appealed to the Everlasting and the only Source, and the appeal was answered. His life was saved,—nay more, far more, his character was redeemed. The physician had conquered death for the time—his wife had conquered a fiend, whose orgies and whose penalties were worse than death. He had saved the body—she, through faith, and prayer, and religion, the soul.

He had come home to die, but he now rejoiced that Providence had spared him. His nature was changed—his whole moral nature. He looked back with sorrow at what he had been—he thanked God and rejoiced at what he was. To the being who had been the great means, in the hands of the Deity, in rescuing him—who had clung to him in sor-

row and in shame—his heart warmed more fondly, more devotedly than ever. The storm cloud came—it burst—and he fell prostrate before it. But the tendril of WOMAN'S LOVE still twined and nestled around him, and when life was almost extinct, held his head up to the sunshine and to Heaven, and he stood forth redeemed!

Beautiful and True.—The following well written article deserves to be studied, remembered and practised upon by every parent and teacher.—Ed. N. E. F.

POWER OF THE VOICE OVER CHILDREN.
It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, or by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded. I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied by words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect. Or, the parent may use language in the correction of the child, objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence.

We are by no means aware of the power of voice in swaying the soul. The anecdote of a good lady, in regard to her minister's sermon, is to the point. She heard a discourse from him which pleased her exceedingly. She expressed to a friend the hope that he would preach it again. "Perhaps," said her friend in reply, "he may print it." "Ah," said she, "he could not print it in that holy tone." There is a tone in the pulpit, which, false as is the taste from which it proceeds, does indeed work wonders. So is there a tone in our intercourse with children, which may be among the most efficient modes of a right education.

Let any one endeavor to recall the image of a fond mother long since at rest in heaven. Her sweet smile and ever clear countenance are brought vividly to recollection. So also is her voice; and blessed is that parent who is endowed with a pleasing utterance. What is it which lulls the infant to repose? It is no array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one in letters, syllable and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear, that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if uttered in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think what this influence is confined to the cradle? No—it influences every age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner or boisterous speech? I know of no instrument so sure to control these tendencies, as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly, does but give to her conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the pressure of duty, we are able to utter ourselves hastily to our children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone. Instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every furtive expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone with which we address him.

The mind is fashioned and furnished, in the main, at school; but the character of the affections is derived chiefly from home.—I have heard of a father, who, when his children became engaged in a dispute, would at once require them to unite in a song. The blending of their voices in harmony was soon found to subdue their angry and contentious feelings. There is a native, spontaneous, untaught music. It consists in the tones which issue from her who is overflowing with Christian love. While then, I would advise the mother to the culture of a pleasant voice and warn her of the evils of addressing her children harshly, I would still more earnestly counsel her to discipline her heart. Out of a kind heart come naturally, kind tones. She who would train up her family in the sweet spirit of Christ, can succeed best and most enduring of all, by cherishing such sentiments as shall seek their own unbidden expression in gentle yet all powerful tones.—Harford Courant.

TO THE AMERICAN PUBLIC.
Project for the advancement of Literature and Science.

Having completed our vast establishment in all its parts, we are now ready to enter upon the magnificent plan we have long contemplated for the advancement of American and general literature and science, and to do something in our day and generation by way of modest memorial to future times. It is useless to waste words, preliminary to a grand plan. Let us come to the point at once. We propose to publish original tales, novels, travels, sketches, poetry, or scientific papers, written by American authors. We propose to print and publish such works, in the shape of EXTRA LITERARY HERALDS, just as often and as fast as they can be issued from our vast printing establishment, to the extent of once, twice, or thrice a week. The form of these publications is to be like that of the WEEKLY HERALD—the price 6 1/4 cents per single sheet, and in proportion for each additional sheet. These works will be published in editions of 10,000, 20,000 or 30,000 copies, so as to give a cheapness that may insure their extensive circulation and popularity.

The terms which we offer to all American authors are these:—The cost of printing and publishing, at the lowest cash prices, is first to be reimbursed out of the receipts—the profits, after this deduction, are to be divided equally between the publisher and the authors, as these profits are received, weekly or monthly. The receipts on every new edition are to be divided on the same principle.

Now for the means, both material and personnel, which we possess for carrying this project into effect. We possess, in our own right, a large building, in the most central part of New York, in which are organized a most extensive printing establishment—and also a daily and country journal, unsurpassed in point of arrangements, order, and efficiency, in any part of the world. We may enumerate the following as the material of this establishment:—
Material of the Herald Establishment.
1 Six-story brick and granite building, N. W. corner of Nassau and Fulton streets, 80 feet long, and 25 feet wide. \$35,000
4 Hoe's double cylinder fast presses, throwing off from 3,000 to 6,000 copies per hour, 14,000
4 Hoe's patent presses. 2,500
1 Hydraulic press—equal to a pressure of 500 tons. 1,000
1 Steam engine. 1,000
2 Steam boilers. 1,000
Other presses. 2,000
Printing materials, &c. 8,000

Aggregate material. \$64,500
All these materials are of the first quality, all perfectly new, and all paid for in cash. They are, therefore, in the most complete order for any enter-

prise that we may undertake for the advancement of American literature, religion, or science.
The personnel of our establishment is as follows:

Personnel of the Herald Establishment.
1 Owner, editor, proprietor, prophet, head man, head saint, head sinner, or head devil, just as you please. (J. G. Bennett.)
9 Reporters, writers, or editors.
25 Printers, compositors, &c.
12 Pressmen, boys, &c.
8 Clerks, boys, &c.
20 Correspondents in all parts of the world.
20 Newsboys or carriers in the city of New York.
60 Newsboys of all ages in the city.
30 Agents throughout the principal towns of America and Europe.
80 Newsboys employed by agents.

265 Persons connected with the establishment.
All this vast quantity of personnel and material, is now engaged in the publication of the DAILY and WEEKLY HERALD, which has a circulation throughout the world of nearly THIRTY THOUSAND COPIES. We also issue several other publications, such as the NEW YORK LANCET, &c. This vast business, most completely organized, is conducted on the cash principle. It is, combined with energy, taste, tact, and experience, is the source of its success.

It will be seen therefore, from these simple facts that we possess ample means to start an enterprise, that may bring forward and patronize the first efforts of American literature towards a national independence, while we can retaliate and set limits to the advances and filly of British authors, who have under the guidance of Dickens, formed a mean confederacy against this continent, and the progress of the age itself, similar to that concocted in 1770 against its national rights. Cheap literature will multiply readers, and many readers will repay both publisher and author. We have the means of issuing half a million of literary and scientific sheets per week, at a cost of 6 1/4 cents each—making \$31,250, which, under the Dickens system of publication, would cost \$300,000, or more, and thus deprive the great mass of the people of literary food for their souls.

Such in brief is the plan we propose. We conceive it to be of more magnitude and importance than any project for the advancement of the age yet devised. It is a fit accompaniment to the vast advancement in steam power.

All persons wishing for further information, or wishing to engage in furnishing original manuscripts, will address letters, always post paid, to the undersigned. Publishers of newspapers, throughout the United States and elsewhere, who receive the Herald, will please to publish this announcement gratis, at length, as a small requital for the many favors we have conferred upon them, in the shape of news and extras. Those who do not comply with this small request, will be considered rather unfriendly and ungrateful, and will be treated accordingly. Newspapers that we do not exchange with will do the same, and we shall open an exchange with them on a liberal and extensive footing.
JAMES GORDON BENNETT,
Proprietor of the Herald Establishment,
N. W. Corner of Nassau and Fulton streets,
New York, 5th August, 1842.

Whitman's Thrasher, Separator and NEW HORSE POWER.

THE undersigned continues to manufacture his Horse Power and Separator at his shop in Winthrop, Kennebec Co. Me., where those who are in want of a first rate apparatus for thrashing and cleaning grain can be supplied at short notice. His experience in the making and operation of the Horse Power, has enabled him to make every essential improvement in its construction, and he flatters himself that he can furnish one of the best machines of the kind now known.
He makes use of the best materials and employs first rate workmen, and thinks that he cannot fail to give satisfaction to those who are disposed to purchase of him. He will sell rights to his Patent Separator for any territory not already disposed of, with a good and sufficient title to the same.
He has also made a very important improvement in his Separator in cleaning grain. He now pleads himself that his separator will clean grain better and blow away less than any other machine now in use within his knowledge.
He has on hand a number of Cylinder Thrashers which he will sell separate from the other machinery. Whoever wishes to buy a Thrasher—Separator or Horse Power, single or all united, had better call and examine.
LUTHER WHITMAN.
Winthrop, July, 1841.

Fresh Stock of New SUMMER GOODS.

JUST received and for sale at the annex corner in Winthrop, a good assortment of the various kinds of goods wanted in the country, bought at the lowest market price in Boston, this month (July) to correspond with which we have reduced the prices of our former stock, making altogether, we think, an assortment none of the smallest, either in quantity or variety.—Consisting in part of—
3000 yds yard wide Sheetings from 5 to 8 1/2 cents per yard.
3500 yds new style prints from 5 to 23 cents per yard.
100 yds bonnet Lawns from 17 to 20 cents per yard.
100 pair Mohair Gloves and Mitts from 22 to 50 cts. per pair.
Saxony, Muslin de Lain and Printed Lawns for summer Dresses. Gents and Lady's Scarfs. Muslin de Lain Shawls from 15 to 18 shillings. Zephyr Worsted or Crust—all colors, White and mixed knitted Cottons, also a good assortment of Bonnet and Cap Ribbons, Silk Braids, Curds, Binding, and the Trimmings used by Tailors.

BROAD CLOTHS,

Cassimere, Satinets, Giraile and Velveteens, Beaver and Pilot Cloth.

Boys Caps.

Young Men's Velveteen Caps for one dollar.

Glass & Crockery Ware.

Common and China Tea Sets from \$1.75 to \$12.00.

Hard Ware.

Glass 7 by 9, 9 by 10, 9 by 12, 9 by 13 and 10 by 14. Nails from 3d to 6d.—Butts, Screws and door handles, Blind Hinges, Looking Glasses, Paper Hangers, &c. &c.

Groceries.

Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Cloves, Raisins, Nutmegs, Raisins, Ground Cassia, Allspice, Pepper, Salsaparilla, Brooms, &c. &c.

Also.

Violin, single and Double Bass strings from E. Violin to A. Double Bass.

SHOE-MAKER'S KIT.

Consisting in part of Seam Steels, Heel Keys, Fore-part Irons, Peg Wheels, Colts, Shoulder Sticks, Seam Awls, and Buffing Knives, from the Woodward and Wilson Manufactory.

All the above goods were bought low and will be sold at good bargains, by

STANLEY & CLARK.

PAPER HANGINGS.

STANLEY & CLARK are selling for cash, Paper Hangings for 12 1/2 cts per roll. Kid and Neats Leather Shoes at 50 cts per pair. Red Tick at 11 cts per yd. Stained Sitingtons at 11 cts per yd, and double width figured Green Looking for Rugs or Carpets over 14 yds wide at 4 shillings per yard.

Molasses.

TEN Hds., prime molasses just received in addition to his large stock on hand, which will be sold at great bargains by the Subscriber.

EZRA WHITMAN, Jr.
Winthrop, August 1842.